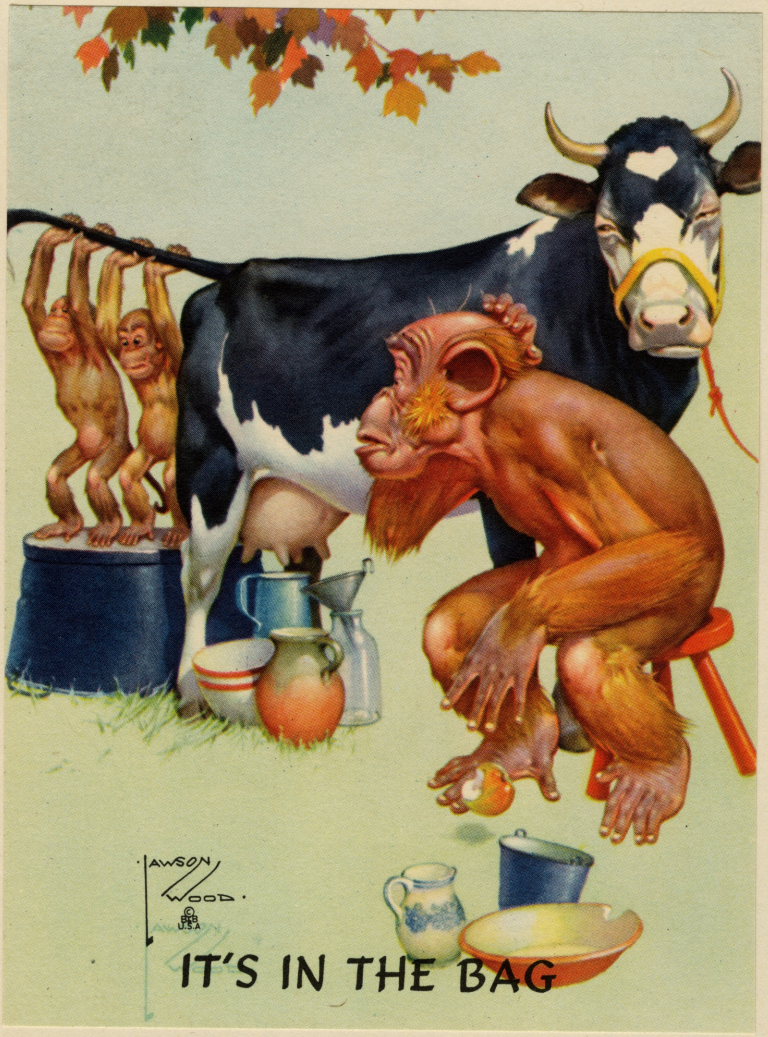
SAWDUST

MARCH, 1944

VOL. IV — NO. 3

"Inyo-Mono: The Last Great Stronghold of American Traditions and Western Philosophy"

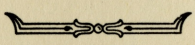


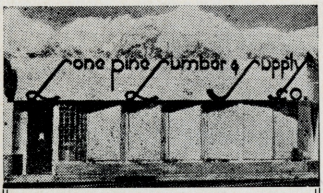
A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF GENERAL INTEREST ISSUED BY THE LONE PINE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO. FOR COMPLIMENTARY CIRCULATION AMONG ITS FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND CUSTOMERS-TO-BE.

TWO PRAYERS . . .

Last night my little boy confessed to me
Some childish wrong;
And kneeling at my knee
He prayed with tears,
"Dear God, make me a man
Like Daddy, wise and strong,
I know you can."
Then while he slept
I knelt beside his bed,
Confessed my sins,
And prayed with low-bowed head,
"O God, make me a child
Like my child here,
Pure, guileless,
Trusting Thee with faith sincere."

—Andrew Gillies





Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

RUDIE HENDERSON
EDWARD HJELTNESS
GUY MARTIN
FLORENCE ADAIR
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CRUZ SAINZ
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AMANDA LASKY

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JIMMY-THE-RED
MASCOT

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POST WAR PLANNING...

Over-stressing of post war planning has obviously slowed the civilian war effort. Too many persons have adopted the comfortable attitude that the "war is about over"; that the time has come to return to old ways of thought and action.

We have been misled, like most Americans, by the inadequacies and distortions of the press, the radio, the movies and the headquarters communiques. Also, no doubt, by lazy and wishful thinking. In Britain, Russia and China, the civilian's knowledge of the war is reinforced by his personal experience with bullets or bombs. Lacking this experience, we Americans can only read and listen to the news and see what few good war movies there are with more curiosity, more skepticism, and more effort of imagination than we have ever asked ourselves before.

The winning of the war should be of foremost importance.

Post war planning should be the exclusive prerogative of such currently curtailed agencies as the Division of Highways, the Forest Service and the Park Service. **And** by private enterprise. It is now headed for a bigger and sloppier WPA and PWA.

A representative citizen of the only incorporated town in Owens Valley vehemently asserts there should be federal aid for sewer and water extensions, a new town hall, a new federal building, and "a $50,000.00 city park". Approximately 100 citizens of that town pay more than 90% of all individual taxes. Would those 100 citizens put up $500 each for such a park?

What then, is federal aid?

It is asserted that there is $180,000,000.00 earmarked for post war work. That, consequently, it cannot raise taxes. That if we don't grab ours, others will.

Did anybody ever think of using that surplus to reduce taxes?

Henry Ford continually reduced the prices of his model A automobiles and thereby increased their demand and his own income. There is an irrefutable economic law of diminishing returns as costs rise. Can this not be true of taxation? Public Utilities are compelled to reduce rates as cash reserves mount.

When will there be a similar check-rein on taxation? To peanut politicians it is perhaps a unique thought to return a tax surplus to the citizens in the form of a tax reduction. Politicians are not noted for perception of the practical ways of business logic and procedure.

SENTENTIOUS ANCEDOTES

Roughwrought

I wish every civilian in this country could spend this one week in service that we have just finished and then be turned back to civilian life. They don't beat around the bush here. They tell you what war is like and they show you what they mean, and believe me it's plenty rough.—Seaman Ernest F. Lasky, Farragut, Idaho.

"Don't Change Horses?"

There will be many in this nation during the coming months who will implore you not to swap horses crossing a stream; there will be others who will laughingly tell you that the appeal should have been worded, "Do not swap toboggans while you are sliding down hill." But it seems to me that the more truthful, the more accurate plea to the people of the nation should be this: "If the old car, in spite of frequent emergency repairs, has been bumping along downhill on only two cylinders for three long years, it is time to get another car that will start uphill on all four."—Franklin D. Roosevelt when a presidential candidate in 1932.

In the last sentence strike out "three" and insert "eleven".—Ed.

Spend...Sucker...Spend

When you want to spend money or buy something new, just imagine you were spending your next-to-the-last dollar. Don't ask how happy you'd be with what you get for your money—but whether you'd be miserable without it.—Ralph deCastro.

Whosoever Heareth

We're spending $40,000,000 in Haiti alone, to raise the living standards of the Haitians...Isn't it strange that while we are fighting a war to exterminate the German labor policies in Europe, we've installed most of them at home?...America, let's climb back onto our rock. Let us move back into our own house. It's still a good house, as strong and substantial as ever. All it needs is a good coat of paint and an inside cleaning. We'll use a vacuum cleaner and we'll take out every red thing in it, even those slightly pink are going. And when the vacuum has done as much as it can, we'll fumigate the place. But we'll be back home. And the rains may descend and the floods may come. The wind may blow and beat upon our house, but it will fall not for it is founded upon a rock.—Miss Vivien Kellems, Kansas City, Mo.

Transferee

Several of the Inyo boys have been in to see me as they came to this activity. Just today I had the pleasure of arranging a transfer for Leonard Howard of Independence from one department to my own so that he can learn the trade of an aviation metalsmith and welder. Leonard's a good boy and I think a lot of him. —Lt. G. W. Savage, Hawaii.

Sunbeam

A businessman has troubles
By the gallon and the peck,
But the whole world's bright and sunny
When he reads: "Enclosed find check."

LT. BILL BAUER'S TROPICAL EVENTS

Well, here I am! I am not at liberty to say yet just where, but it is an island in the Pacific and there are no Japs left here.

I am, for the time being, head man of my outfit — a small group, I assure you. We have a limited supply of fresh water and we live on K rations. We are at the present clearing the jungle for a permanent station for someone. We have had no fresh water for baths or shaves and our uniforms consist mainly of shorts. Everyone is getting very darkly tanned, and soon will be indistinguishable from the natives.

Yes, we have natives, some mosquitoes, lizards and millions of flies. We have cocoanuts galore, breadfruit, pandanus [Pandanus are native in the Mascarene Islands. Ed.] and limes.

The natives are very friendly and three of them on this island speak English in a halting sort of manner. Being a teacher, I have managed to pick up a fairish amount of their language and at present I'm compiling a lexicon and grammar which our unit commander wants to send back to Columbia to be used in teaching island government officials enough to get by on. It is interesting since we haven't any of this language yet.

Here is one for you. Elin, one of my native friends was in my tent for my nightly language lesson and I asked him if he had ever heard of a white woman in an airplane, out here. He thought for a moment to get the words organized, then told me he had. She had come down between _____ and _____ (censorship forbids mentioning their names, but they are islands out here!) and had been picked up by a Jap fishing boat and taken to Japan. I asked him where he had heard about it and he gave me the name of a Jap trader who had told him. When I asked him when he had heard it he told me about 4 or 5 years ago, and that it had happened some time quite a while before he had heard it. Intelligence is working on it now, and it looks authentic. Interesting if she was Earhart, huh?

The natives are very primitive, kind-hearted and generous. They know about clothes, but seem to feel that life is simpler without them. At any rate, brassieres are definitely not being worn this year out here. A side note in that respect—one can readily see why our women wear them if the appearance of all the native women over 25 is any criterion!

Well, I guess it's time to ring off for the present. If you have any time and wish to write to me ...Give my best to Ernest and all the boys at the lumber-yard, and to the Lions, et al.

REPORT TO THE BOYS FROM HOME

SAWDUST goes to a great number of Lone Pine's boys who are fighting this global war, and it is comforting to many of us old codgers that we have such grand fellows doing our fighting. To those who have been away many months, SAWDUST undertakes to let them in on the important trivialities going on back home:

Constable Oscar Burkhardt still travels his lonely night vigil and smilingly greets the sleepy travelers arriving on the 4 a.m. northbound stage...The carp are more plentiful in Owens River...Most of the few neon signs gracing night-time Main street burn with a crippled glow due to wartime restrictions for repairs...The cloths on the billiard tables at Jim Mills' pool and poker palace emporium, deluxe, are pockmarked like miniature shell-holes and the balls bounce as if they were flat wheels...Lee Fitzgerald continues to patch up his trucks and wrestle with the Railroad Commission...The mongrel population is as fluent as ever...The cosy rocky nooks in the Alabamas are virtually abandoned these moonlight nights—gasoline is too precious...The Bank of America continues to make fewer and fewer loans—no appliances and automobiles to finance...Bill McLean still blushes...Laurence Cook is putting on weight...John Lubken usually has a short beer every afternoon when he is free from his ranch...Whitey Nelson occasionally renders his tear-jerking (for him) solos...Margaret Rees still turns out typists and shorthand pupils...Despite the film scarcity Allan Ramsey somehow manages to produce those excellent portraits...Jolly Lottie Dearborn has given up her lodging-house because of ill health. But she seems as cheerful as ever...Julius Mahrt still coos over his cat and at other times cusses it when hungry for requiring so many meat points ...Benny Rosenbach seems to have lost his golden touch with the pasteboards for he doesn't play as often. When he does he glares at the kabitzers and grumbles that he is completely surrounded wit' enemies...Jim Rogers—well just the same old big-hearted Jim... Despite the dearth of cigars Russ Spainhower keeps a stogie perpetually planted sidelong in his cheek...There is a USO hall in the north half of the G. F. Marsh building...Charlie Sumner has mellowed a lot. Must be getting in his dotage...The home town girls are growing up and you'll never find prettier ones...The Lions Club and the Knights of Pythias still carry on...Pop Raper has taken over Harry Conover's Texaco Service...Art Stringer continues to dash hither and yon, winter and summer, in his shirt sleeves. Help shortage has tripled his unfulfilled perennial promises...The two 90-year oldsters Y. C. Ruiz and Joel Hale seem as keen and active as ever...Slim Honerlah is as generous and noisy as ever. What a sgt. he would make!... Tanner and Jund still go to the bakery at midnight to turn out those yum-yum smelling doughnuts and bread...Such good citizens as the Dows, L. D. Owenses and the Wesley Logans have moved from Lone Pine...And Old Man Whitney smiles down on little old Lone Pine in the same old serene manner.

RETROSPECTION

STUDENT BODY, LONE PINE UNION HIGH SCHOOL. A. D. 1918

1st row (left to right): Miss Helen Henry, teacher, Viola Larson, Rose Diaz.

2nd row: Virgil Bradley, Carmelita Olivas, Dolores Carrasco, Augusta Diaz, Alma Cochran, Principal Armitage.

3rd. row: Spencer Kane, Horace Elder, Albert Sainz, Margaret Higgins, Genevieve Naffziger, William Skinner, Adelbert Hay.

EDITOR LEAVES TOWN...

Our paper carried the notice last week that Mr. John_____ is a defective in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr._____ is really a detective in the police farce.—Montana paper.

Probably a solemn farce.

Owing to a big rush of job printing and for lack of space, a number of births and deaths will be postponed till next week.—Kansas paper.

The devil can wait.

Quadruplets, three grils and a biy, were born today to Mrs. Spencer Hutto of rural Route 3, Courtland, Alabama.—L. A. Examiner.

These modern mothers!

—SD—

"Poppa, what is a millennium?"

"Rastus, dat is de same thing as a centennial 'cept it's got mo' legs."

STRICTLY PERSONAL

America was largely populated by immigrants seeking greater opportunities than afforded in their own native lands. Some returned, but the great majority remained. Most of them became naturalized. Even then, there remained loyalties for their "old countries" that were akin to yearnings.

In the same way California's tremendous growth is due to migration from other states.

Although this writer is exceedingly grateful for the opportunities California has afforded him, he retains a deep-rooted loyalty for his own, his native state, Indiana. He definitely has no desire to again reside there. Tritely speaking, it is one of those things. He can listen to songs about the beautiful Ohio or old Virginny without the flicker of an eyelash. But the moment a singer like Dennis Day peels out "Back Home Again in Indiana", it is difficult to refrain from becoming downright maudlin.

Seated on the top steps in front of that old Hoosier home one winter's day 35 years ago, is pictured (next page) this writer and his brother Tom, a few years beyond the diaper stage of life, entranced by a rarity of that age—an itinerant photographer. The long bay windows with drawn shades darkened the parlor shut off from normal use by a pair of sliding doors, except when company came. There was a sitting-room with a fireplace that smoked. Heating was by a coal-burning Florence stove. There was a dining-room with side porch, two bed rooms, and a kitchen with a back porch and latticed side porch. In addition to the front porch we had a "summer kitchen", a cistern, a well for drinking water, a large barn, a neat three-holer (small, medium and large) closet, and a coal shed. There was also a damp cellar. Fly paper was usually spread there to snare the blue-bottle flies. Kerosene lamps afforded the only illumination, although we later graduated to yellowish gas lights. Not gas jets, but the more luxurious mantle types. All of this rented for $10.00 monthly.

It may be of more than passing interest that directly back of the barn, and across the alley, resided Lone Pine's Bill Phegley. His brother Ross specialized in the raising of ferrets.

Other neighbors were Hankins,

TOM AND BIG BROTHER AT 11 AND 13

PRE-SCHOOL AGED BROTHERS ON STEPS IN FRONT OF OLD INDIANA HOME

Wyndam, Rhodes, Stufflebeam, Bubb, Stunkard, Plott, Sally Prather, Stevenson, Purcell, McNutt and Hampshire.

Life was a bit Spartan compared to present day standards. Before going to bed, whether in the dark of the moon, rain or snow, a trip to the backhouse was a necessity to piddlyman or hurry. Saturday afternoon baths were in a galvanized, corrugated-bottomed washtub, in water bucketed from the outdoor cistern before heating on the kitchen coal range. The tub of dirty and soapy water was then lugged out into the back yard and unceremoniously dumped. In zero weather, baths were dreaded.

There was an inexplicable enchantment to Indiana summer evenings. There were such trivialities, now pleasant reminiscences, when at twilight the lightning-bugs (fire-flies) began their weird, winking luminosities; the approaching or receding clop-clop of horses' hoofs on brick pavements; an occasional lonely bat darting staggeringly through the still night air; the pin-prick glow on the front porch across the street indicating that Rufus Stevenson was comfortably sucking a pre-bedtime Wheeling stogie (as superintendent of the gas works he was an early riser); the pleasant murmur of conversation as neighbors gossiped and laughed on honey-suckle covered porches; the distant wail of a Pennsylvania train approaching and its barely perceptible clackety-clack as it speeded over the C. & E. I. cross-over; the croaking of frogs in the distant swamps and mud holes. All of which was occasionally superseded by the somewhat unpleasant screeching of Miss Lelia Plott straining her vocal cords to a high note. She lived in the next block and was studying classical music.

Perhaps this writer is merely afflicted with the "Wabash Blues". But life in Indiana seemed so peaceful then.

Wallpaper

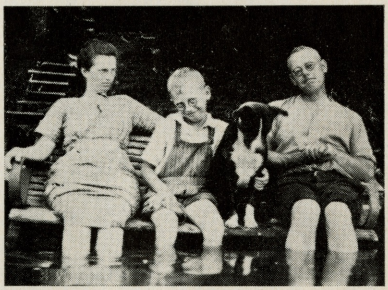
This month marks the coming of Spring. Also St. Patrick's Day in honor of that old patron saint of Ireland. Which reminds us of that 4th of July celebration many years ago when one of Lone Pine's elite, now deceased, decked herself out in glaring green for the speaker of the day, Padre Crowley. He informed her, not too quietly, that her display should be red, white and blue...There's nothing strange about the fact that the modern girl is a live wire. She carries practically no insulation... Washington's birthday will indeed go down in local annals as a historic date! With snow deep enough to ski on the Lone Pine side of the Alabama Hills, and the road plowed open as far as the aqueduct bridge, the youngsters had gobs of fun. Besides, school was closed. There were plenty of anecdotes that will seem funnier years later than now. For example, Leonard Blomquist abandoning his car in Lone Pine Canyon enroute home, and then trying to find it for the next four days. There were six quarts of milk in it for the baby..."What's happened to SAWDUST?" has become a common query. We are flattered to know that it has been missed. But its publication is purely an avocation, and the way the mailing list multiplies, an increasingly expensive one. We definitely are not grumbling, but we doubt if there is a similar small business that has been hit harder by the war than ours. Our manager, capable 35-year-old Ernest F. Lasky was drafted last month, bringing to ten the number of employees that have departed in the past year. SAWDUST may be tardy but we hope to keep it staggering along. After all, war or no war, we are entitled to a modicum of fun... California's unemployment insurance fund is larger than that of any other state except New York and Pennsylvania and totals almost 10% of the national total ...With all the income tax reports due March 15th—which should be nationally revered as Morgenthau Migraine Day—this writer severely burned his right thumb and index finger. Sure, don't bother to remind us again, we know the waste basket is no place to flick stogie ashes...The German press refers to the Soviet women sharpshooters as Bolshevik She-devils. Hell's Belles! . . Adolph's Birthday rolls around April 20th. We hope he's all washed up before the next one . . . Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow of Whittier, mailed a $100.00 check to the Lone Pine Red Cross Drive Committee. A generous gift, notwithstanding that Mr. Dow was a solicitor for Whittier's own drive... George W. Hall of Big Pine rated a paragraph in the March WESTWAYS for establishing Glacier Lodge in 1923...All credit to Lloyd Taylor, Earl Lehman, Jack Hopkins, Roy Pemberton, Leon High, Ed Hjeltness and Ralph Fear, for utilizing the best part of a Sunday to return the uncalled for tonnage of scrap from the center of town to the dump...A backpat to The Maytag Company for their full-paged COUNTRY-GENTLEMAN advertisement: "Is this sunrise...or sunset?" Two-thirds

of the page was white, and we have never seen it used to better advantage...Sorry, folks, after eight years we have suspended our Notary Public seal. Just another extracurricula activity that we haven't time for...A sailor recently commented to us that a dance was a naval engagement...Did you see in Lone Pine that individual of the John L. Lewis mien? None other than beetle-browed Joe LeCyr. We were unable to ascertain his current business or pleasure as he disdained to speak to us. It's a bit early to ascertain whether local orchards are ready to pluck. But to judge from his beefy pouch one would surmise that he has been eating well of late...We believe it was the original intention of the Japs to bring all of the world to their emperor. We'll be right astraddle his neck in another year in an unpleasant manner . . .

United States has abandoned its Amazon River basin rubber project after spending $60,000,000.00. The Bureaucrats do things in a big way. Among other things the Rubber Development Corporation shipped 5,000 sewing machines down there for use by the tree-tappers wives who perhaps couldn't run them; 37,023 shotguns for the men who perhaps couldn't shoot them; and 26,000,000 tin cups to collect the rubber. Just for fun let's do a little figuring: 5,000 sewing machines at the moderate price of $25: $125,000; 37,000 shotguns at the low price of $20: $740,000; and 26,000,000 tin cups at a penny apiece: $260,000. Total squander: $1,125,000.00... Surprising liability loss possibilities are revealed by reading court decisions. The Holland Furnace Company had to pay $66,250 damages for frightful burns suffered by a child who accidentally ignited gasoline left in the tank of an abandoned Ford on a vacant lot. Said the court of appeal: "The defendants should have taken into consideration the well-known propensities of playing children...to climb about disused vehicles"... Sonora enforces a juvenile curfew law in a unique manner. The police take the wayward child to his or her home, if found on the streets after curfew, and file a complaint against the parent or guardian... Correction: Contrary to an assumption in last month's SAWDUST, Rudie II's mother asserts that he will definitely not honor the sixth grade "with another return engagement next term". To this 12-year old connoisseur of War Stamps and Bonds, congratulations on such determined backing...The best day in which to accomplish something is the day before tomorrow...A Manzanar resident named Hashimoto has the first name of Dagwood...Americana: Celebrating the 25th wedding anniversary of Relles and Elizabeth Carrasco in the same home in which they were married. The service flag on their front door has two stars...Ever hear about the little moron who pinned diapers on cigarette butts?... ...Work faithfully eight hours a day, and don't worry; and in time you may get to be the boss and work twelve hours a day, and worry all the time.

LONE PINE'S MAJOR GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM and seven of his handsome young Air Corps Intelligence Officers admiring the kit of small tools, gadgets and concentrated supplies to be used in helping to keep up their end of the big B-29 Project running smoothly when in far places. Items were assembled and presented by the Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Company.

CANDID CAMERA...



Few people will recognize the trio resting on a park bench apparently in flood times. Although SAWDUST is primarily published for the benefit of our customers and customers-to-be, it also goes to many friends. Thus, these are Wisconsin folks, cooling their bunions on a hot August day 25 years ago in the clear waters of Lake Ripley. Notice the canine entranced by the crappies nibbling at the submerged toes.

The benignant gentleman on the right is a professional writer who has authored more than a score of published books and a multiplicity of short stories and serials.

With a live-wire son of his own he was still a student of juveniles as source material for his works. Consequently this writer, then in his teens, was invited sight unseen for an indefinite visit. Among other things he took us snipe hunting one night on an island lake. We held the sack, but he was the one that became saturated with poison ivy.

ADVERTISMENT OF THE MONTH

"Boys, I'll tell you what Free Enterprise really is!"

"It's a lot of little things—and some mighty big ones, too.

"But in a nutshell, it's our right to live our own lives, run our own jobs and our businesses in our own way—without needless interference.

"It's our right to criticize the government, bawl out the umpire, or make a speech on the public square. It's our right to travel when and where we choose—to work or not, as we please.

"It offers **opportunity** to anyone who really wants it. It rewards thrift, hard work and ingenuity. It thrives on competition and raises our standard of living. It encourages invention, stimulates research and promotes progress.

"It offers us a chance to save and invest and build and grow.

"Under Free Enterprise men who have faith in an idea can take risks to develop it. Our railways started that way. So did the motor car industry—and oil and steel and aviation and scientific mechanized farming.

"Free Enterprise made small shops and factories into big ones—and then started more small ones. And now, fighting a desperate war in which production will turn the scale, America is outproducing every other country in the world, hands down—and is doing it faster and better.

"Yet in spite of all this, some folks would like to change our American way of doing things—and rebuild our whole country under a **new** and **different** system.

"If they had their way, Tom here, wouldn't own this store. He'd be regimented with a lot of other storekeepers and told how to run his business by some bureaucrat who probably never tended store in his life.

"Ed's farm would belong to the state, and Ed would be told how to run it and what to raise by someone he wouldn't even know.

"Jim would be working for a state-owned factory—with his job and wages frozen. And I don't know **where** we country doctors would be.

"We fellows aren't rich—and probably never will be. But we've got a lot of self-respect and religion and decency and common sense. We own our own homes and farms, send our kids to college, have cars, radios, and a lot more luxuries of life than millions of people living under fancy political systems and 'planned economies' in other countries.

"Sure, we're willing to put up with a lot of irritating things right now—in order to win the war—but I don't believe we'll stand for being pushed around much after it's over.

"Frankly, I don't like the name Free Enterprise for the system under which this country has grown great. I'd rather call it **American** Enterprise, because it's the most American thing we have. It really **is** America. Let's **keep** it."

—Republic Steel.

—SD—

"Well, for land's sakes," said a dear old lady upon tasting her first glass of beer. "I declare this tastes exactly like the medicine that my husband has been taking for the past thirty-five years."

FOR OLD TIMES SAKE

WILL YOU DO US A FAVOR?

We need old photos and colorful stories of the early days of Lone Pine, Owens Valley and Death Valley, as well as views and information of our residents' early activities in this area.

Why?—Because of the unparalleled interest in SAWDUST's last month's "Retrospection" article meagrely covering Genevieve Naffziger. We have already uncovered a world of interesting material for future numbers that truly prove this area the stronghold of western philosophy.

We would greatly appreciate your lending us any old photographs you feel would be of interest. We assure you that we will handle them with the greatest of care and we promise to return them promptly as soon as we have reviewed them.

—SD—

TAX NIGHTMARE...

California Tax Trends

The unfortunate behavior of property tax rates during the past ten years...After dropping from $4.40 in 1933 to $3.88 in 1935, the average tax rate climbed to $4.33 in 1941. Thus, practically all of the benefit of the transfer of school costs to the State and the return of the utility properties to the local rolls has been absorbed by rising taxes, defeating the purpose of the 1933 (Sales Tax) Amendments.—Charles W. Lyon, Speaker of the California Assembly.

BEHIND THE BANDSAW...

I crept upstairs, my shoes in hand,
Just as the night took wing—
There was my wife, four steps above,
Doing the same darned thing!

—SD—

A welder, now in the chips, was giving a gal quite a rush.

"What are your intentions toward my daughter," the mother asked him, "honorable or otherwise?"

The welder beamed as he said, 'You mean I have a choice?"

—SD—

Exasperated Coast Artillery Officer to a newly enlisted recruit: "Don't stand there and tell me how much it costs the taxpayers to fire this gun. When I tell you to fire, fire!"

—SD—

"I never associate with my inferiors, do you?"

"Mister, I didn't know you had any."

—SD—

Captain: "I hope the next time I see you, you'll be a second lieutenant."

Pvt. (flustered): "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Same to you, sir."

—SD—

A man went to the sugar rationing board and attested: "My wife has no sugar at all in our house, not an ounce."

"Remember now, you're swearing to this." the chairman of the board warned him. "You've got to tell the truth."

The applicant hesitated and repeated, "Got to tell the truth, eh?"

"Yes, you must, else you'll go to jail," he was warned.

"In that case I'll tell you the truth," he confessed. "We ain't married."

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LONE PINE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO.

Lone Pine, California

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"Everybody is 1-A with me!"

Scenic Views . . . Post Cards
Souvenirs . . . Bric-A-Brac
Orders taken for Flowers
Greeting Cards
Daily and Sunday Newspapers

Mt Whitney, 14,496 ft.

LONE PINE, CALIFORNIA